

Happy to see you by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

"So," she says while she locks her hands around his neck. His automatically go to her sides. "You look like hell," she says with a wry smile before pressing a kiss to his lips.

"You don't," he mutters. She smiles at that. He takes the soft fabric of the t-shirt she's wearing between his index finger and thumb and gives her a questioning look.

"It's comfortable," she explains before kissing him again. "How are you feeling?" She then asks.

"Exhausted," he mumbles. She smiles and inches even closer to him and kisses him once more, her tongue slips inside his mouth. "But happy to see you," he adds when they break apart for air.

aka

Nancy helps Jonathan relax after a long day at work. + What happens the morning after...

Smut, with fluff since it's impossible not to have it with this ship.

Happy to see you

Author's Note:

This grew from a Tumblr prompt "Smutty prompt where Jonathan's sore from working all day and Nancy helps him "feel better" if you get what I mean. Thank you!" it's that plus I couldn't stop myself so it just continued into morning...

He's completely beat when he finally parks his car at the end of the driveway, having just pulled a double shift. On a Friday night. When he'd much rather be doing *anything* with Nancy. It was late and he was way too tired, and way too sore from first doing inventory the whole afternoon and then tearing tickets in the evening. He just wants to go to sleep so he can wake up tomorrow and see Nancy. His mom is out with Hopper and Will is at a sleepover at the Wheelers.

So he jumps a little when he walks in and spots a figure on the couch. He flicks the switch. She's there. Perched on the couch wearing *his* New Order t-shirt and *his* boxers and that's it.

"Hi," she smiles wide at him.

"Hey," he answers, unable to take his eyes off her for even a split-second. How can she look so gorgeous even in that. "What- what are you doing here?"

"I was bored and I missed you," she answers, getting up off the couch and approaching him. "Your mom let me in. We had tea before she went out with Hopper. She wanted me to tell you she might be... *late*."

"Oh God," he mutters. She just smirks at him.

"So," she says while she locks her hands around his neck. His automatically go to her sides. "You look like hell," she says with a

wry smile before pressing a kiss to his lips.

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"Exhausted," he mumbles. She smiles and inches even closer to him and kisses him once more, her tongue slips inside his mouth. "But happy to see you," he adds when they break apart for air.

"I can tell," she grins with that special glimmer in her eye, pressed up against him. *All* of him. His cheeks flush. "You're not *too* tired, right?" She asks. The look she gives him makes him completely melt.

"N-no..."

"Come on," she says in a low, husky voice.

She takes his hand and leads him back to his bedroom. She closes the door behind them and kisses him again, pushing him onward until the back of his legs hits the bed. She pushes him down on the edge and climbs into his lap. When she's on top of him like this, tilting his head up and slipping her tongue in his mouth again, it makes his head spin. He manages to kick off his shoes. She makes quick work of his jacket and shirt and her nails dig into his bare back when she pulls herself closer to him and moans into his mouth. She slides out of his lap and unbuttons his jeans, tugging at them. He lifts himself up and she pulls both the jeans and his boxers down in one go. Thank God for it, he might've died otherwise, he's quite sure.

Kneeling in front of him she takes his cock in her hand and starts jerking him. She wets her lips with the tip of her tongue and looks up at him and if he weren't already half-laying, half-sitting on his bed he would've keeled over just from the way she looks at him. She puts her lips to the tip of his cock and takes him in her mouth. Her mouth is hot and with the way her tongue swirls around his cock he's forced

to grasp the sheets with both hands just to at least somewhat control himself.

She pulls back until his cock pops out of the warmth of her mouth. Instead she runs her tongue from the base all the way up the length of him to the tip and it makes him shudder. She then grasps him by the base and starts jerking him again while she puts her mouth over the head again. Her hand and lips are so soft, her tongue is so wet and her eyes are locked with his and good *God*.

Her head starts bobbing up and down and she removes her hand to be able to take more and more of him in her mouth. Her lips is near the base of his cock when she pulls back for air. She takes a breath, licks her lips and dives back in and repeats the motions, taking as much of him in her as she can. She works herself closer and closer to the base and him closer and closer to the edge. She pulls back for one more breath and then takes him deep again. It's an impossibility to last any longer than he has and now he knows he's definitely a goner.

"N-nance, I'm gonna-" he manage to stutter out between moans to warn her. Instead of pulling back she only sucks him harder. She swirls her tongue around in that way that she does once more and that does it, with a groan and a shudder he comes in her mouth and she keeps her eyes locked with his while she swallows the cum that shoots out of him as his cock twitches against the roof of her mouth. After the last drop she slowly pulls away, sucking him clean in the process.

"Holy shit," is all he can say. She smiles at him, pulls his boxers up and his jeans fully off and kisses him again. He can taste what he realizes is himself and that's kind of hot.

She gets under the covers so he follows her. He lays down and puts an arm around her as she nestles into his side, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Good night," she whispers and presses a kiss to his chin.

"Mmhm, very," he mumbles. She smacks him lightly on the chest. He presses a kiss to the top of her head.

He wakens in the morning to Nancy whimpering and mumbling his name in her sleep. At first, when he's only partially awake he thinks she's having a nightmare. They've slept together plenty of times – sneaking into each other's rooms most nights – and both had become finely attuned to the nightmares that would occasionally plague the other. Several times she'd woken him up when she'd been thrashing and saying his name. It was a recurring nightmare she had, she'd told him about it. She dreamed she was back in the Upside Down, being chased by the Demogorgon, calling out his name but not finding him. Each time he woke her up from one of those she would cling to him as if her life depended on it, just like it had for real that night in the woods. It broke his heart, seeing her in mental anguish but all he could do was hold her and reassure her that he was there, that it was only a dream, that she wasn't in the Upside Down, that the Gate was closed.

But this was not a nightmare. Definitely not. Because in her nightmares she didn't say his name the way she does now, she only said it that way when they were doing something rather different in bed. And in her nightmares she thrashed violently, trying to fight off a monster that wasn't there. Now she was pressed up against him and rubbing her groin against his thigh. Boy did that drive him slightly nuts.

When he wakes her up from a nightmare he tries to do it as gently as possible, saying her name – sometimes it seemed to make it's way into her dream and calming her in that world too - while nudging or

shaking her awake. Sometimes though he was forced to shake her pretty aggressively to wake her. He opts for another gentle tactic for this situation.

He begins by pressing a kiss to her cheek and murmuring her name in her ear. It draws another whimper and another repetition of "Jonathan..." He moves the kisses to her lips and even in her sleep she reciprocates. He lets his hand run up inside of her t-shirt that's really his but he thinks might as well be hers now, she looks way better in it. Her sides are where she's very ticklish – he learnt that one glorious afternoon on the couch two weeks into dating her. Running his fingers along her side is enough to elicit another kind of whimper from her and a small giggle.

Her eyes flutter open and she looks disoriented for a second while she wakes up.

"Jonathan?" She murmurs in a soft tone, barely awake.

"Good morning," he says with a smile.

"Morning", she mumbles.

"Sweet dreams?" He smirks.

"Mmmmm," is the sound she makes, smiling and closing her eyes.

He adjusts, propping himself up on his arms and hovering with his face above hers. He plants a kiss on her forehead. One on her nose. Then one on her giggling lips. He puts his lips to the side of her neck while his hands take hold of her t-shirt and pulls it up, bunching it up above her breasts. He moves down to her right boob and takes her nipple between his lips, gently sucking on it and letting his tongue play against it. When she stifles a moan he moves to the other breast and gives it the same treatment.

He kisses his way down her tummy and she is very eager to lift her hips when he pulls at the boxers she's wearing, allowing him to pull them down. He looks at her, all of her, from her pussy that now lies before him, up over her stomach, chest to her face looking down at him. Nothing will ever compare to this view.

"You're so beautiful," he can't help but murmur, it's just so obvious and *true*.

Then he dives in. His inexperience made him nervous in the beginning of their relationship – his experience really was just Nancy. She calmed his nerves though by pointing out that she didn't have much experience either plus – apparently he'd done very well from the get-go, that first night at Murray's. And they made a good team in more aspects than hunting monsters or uncovering government conspiracies – they were also really good at exploring their own and each other's bodies together. Through her telling him, showing him, what she liked and listening to every sound she makes he now has a pretty good grasp of how to get her to places she wants to go and he wants to take her to.

She's already wet from her dream which just turns him on even more. And he can't ever get over her *taste*. It's amazing, it's hot, it's *her*. He lets his tongue focus on her inner lips at first before gradually shifting focus to her clit. He lets his tongue play at it, he gently sucks at it and he's rewarded with the whimpering sounds and shuddering he loves so he carries on.

One of her hands grasps his hair, she starts messing it up and pushing his face closer to her pussy which he's more than happy to be, he'd like to be as close to her as possible in every sense of the word. Her moans begin to grow but as his licking intensifies they're suddenly muffled. Glancing up he sees it's because she's grabbed one of the pillows and put over her face. Oh right, his mom is home now. And to his great pleasure he has in the past been in the position to be able to tease her about her volume at times.

She's so close now, he knows, all the telltale signs are there. For a second he considers teasing her by holding her on the edge for just a

bit but decides against it, instead just intensifying his action even more. And soon there it is, she presses his face even further into her which she likes to do when she comes, and shudders against him while moaning into the pillow. He keeps at it all through her spasms and just continues when her moans ebb out. She's very sensitive now and twitches under his tongue and soon she moans and shudders again and again, her stomach rising and falling in quick breaths and her back arching up slightly.

"Jonatha-" she gets out.

"Mmhm," he mumbles against her pussy, intent on staying there forever, for real.

"Jona-" she has to stop herself and whimpers again as he teases her with his tongue once more. "I can't... no... up, come up," she mumbles, barely making sense. "In, want you... in me, please..."

"Since you ask so nicely..." he laughs while shifting his position,, knowing it would earn him a smack on the arm if her mind weren't elsewhere currently.

He pulls down his boxers and positions himself. His face hovers above hers once again as he easily slides inside of her. He covers her lips with his when she moans at the sensation. He starts to pump inside her and she rolls her hips, working with him, against him, heightening everything. They find a nice rhythm quickly, effortlessly.

She won't stop kissing him, either, her tongue swirling around and always finding his.

"Mmmm... can taste me," she gets out with a moan after eventually breaking apart from his lips for air. "I like that," she adds.

"I know, I could too... last night... liked it too," he lets her know.

"Mmmm 's hot," she mumbles before capturing his lips again.

After a few more minutes he comes inside of her. He sinks down against her, rests his forehead against hers and kisses her again.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"I love everything about you. Even that you're so loud my mom might hear," he adds with a smirk and promptly earns that smack on the arm. Two, in fact.

"Shut up. I *don't* love you're wild and untrue accusations!" She says and playfully pouts.

"You're right, where could I get the idea," he dryly notes while he replaces the pillow she used to muffle herself and then threw off to the side.

He shifts, laying down on his back next to her. She shifts aswell, repositioning herself against him. They fit perfectly together, he thinks.